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TRADITIONS OF THE MIAMI VALLEY Hustrated

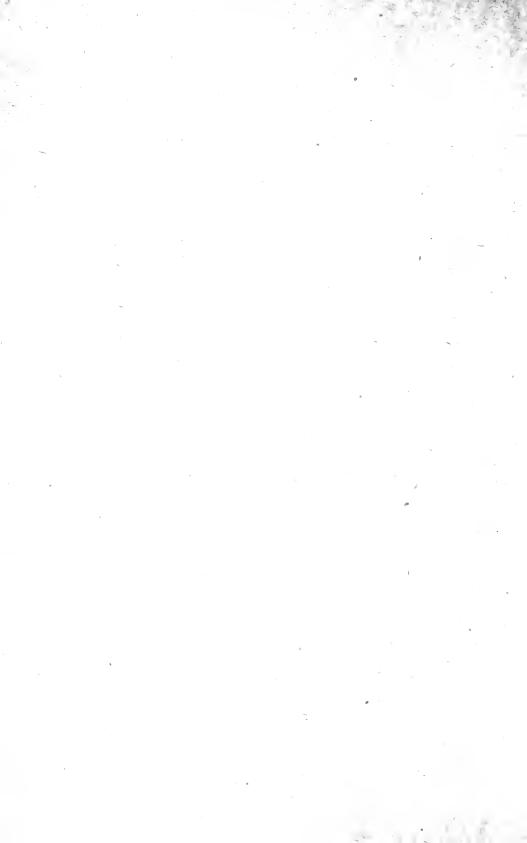
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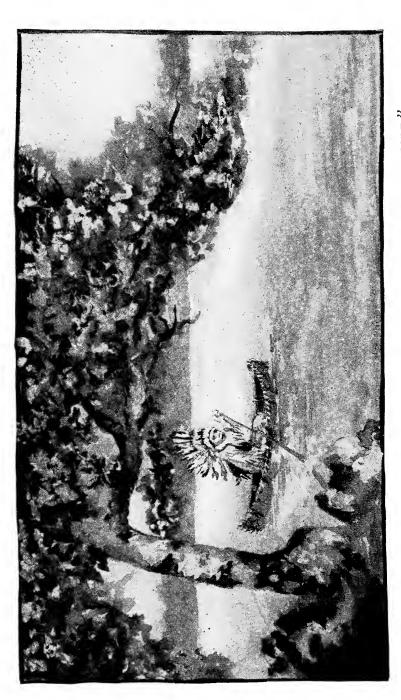












"IN ITS WATERS NOW ARE PICTURES OF PALE FACES ON THE SHORE," See Page 50.



"SHE WOULD MEET HER FATHER COMING WHEN HIS LONG DAY'S WOKK WAS O'ER." See Page 26



TRADITIONS

OF THE

MIAMI VALLEY

ILLUSTRATED

TRADITIONS OF THE MIAMI VALLEY, SONGS OF THE WEST AND OTHER POEMS

By
BENJAMIN ALDUS PEMBERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS

By MARY A. KYLE

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By
Benjamin Aldus Pemberton
West Milton, Ohio

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Traditions of the Miami Valley Illustrated





THE CHOLERA YEAR.

May Miami Valley, with her luxury and store,

Not forget her pioneers who lived in days of yore.

They struggled in the wilderness beneath the towering oak.

They cut away the forest with their strong and sturdy stroke.

- They cleared our fields. They opened roads beneath the giant trees,
- And in the forest wrestled with the aborigines.
- They lived and loved in days gone by, though now forever gone,
- They left for us the fairest land that ever sun shone on.
- History tells about their wars and heroes with their glories;
- May tradition, then, sing on and keep alive the stories:—
- In a wild deep forest, when the country all was new.
- With now and then a clearing that would let the sunlight through,
- A merry company convened just at the close of day,
- To spend some time at revelry and dance the hours away.
- Girls were women in those days, and were as graceful then
- As ever attended a social ball or stepped to the violin.

THE CHOLERA YEAR.

- The hickory torch light in the yard, the candle light within.
- Shone on fair brows and bright blue eyes and tall and stalwart men;
- For men were giants in those days, and handsome, too, were they,
- As ever convened at eventide, to dance the hours away.
- The violin, the gliding feet, the laugh of sweet sixteen,
- Awoke the stillness of the night all in one sweet refrain.
- The call rang out with merriment; the night was starry clear.
- The forest trees took up the strain of harmony and cheer.
- The hours rolled on; the music ceased; the dancers took a rest,
- And told the old traditions that their fathers brought out west;
- And on invitation, ere the midnight hour had flown,
- The violinist drew his bow and played a cholera tune.

- "Listen! Do you hear the noise that breaks upon the ear,
- So strange and weird and lonely?" and all cheeks turn pale with fear.
- "Toward the barn we hear it. Can it be the horses neigh?"
- "Is it only wolves that may be howling far away?"
- Brave Martin says, "Let joy go on; no guest need care or fear;
- For noises in this wilderness are nothing strange to hear."
- Ere another tune is played upon the violin,
- Plainer than vibrating strings, the noise breaks in again.
- "It foretells war or danger." "It foreshadows death to come."
- And greater still their terror grows. "Let us adjourn," say some.
- They reached their homes before the dawn; but ere the week was o'er,
- Many a face had disappeared to be seen on earth no more.

THE CHOLERA YEAR.

- They danced with love and merriment, so heartily, so hale;
- Their eyes so soon were glassily set; their cheeks were cold and pale:
- The angel of death came through the land with sorrow bitter and deep,
- And breathed into their nostrils a long and dreamless sleep.
- There was many a broken circle; there was many a heart that yearned,
- And many a child that cried in vain for a step that never returned.
- Many newmade graves displayed the ravage of the scourge,
- And the good and kindly whippoorwill would sing their funeral dirge.
- Around their graves in early fall the brown leaves wove a wreath.
- As token of their sympathy to dear ones underneath.
- The snow that fell when winter came, kissed many a newmade mound,
- Whispering of heaven's love to dear ones in the ground.

- Nature never will forget the loved ones that are dead;
- She also scattered flowers in spring above their lowly bed.
- The one who drew the bow that night, lived many years since then;
- But never more had he been known to play a violin.



MARY THARPE.

In a new and well built cabin up in Twin Creek's lonely wild,

Sat a gentle loving mother watching o'er her newborn child.

In her fond imagination, she saw her a child at play,

She saw her become a woman, she saw her a queen some day.

- 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber; holy angels guard thy bed,"
- Sang the mother as she listened for the father's homeward tread:
- And the wind breathed through the verdure as the great trees waved aloof
- Their long arms in graceful gesture up above the cabin roof;
- And the forest, too, was singing from the branches upon high;
- And it sang this song of nature for the baby's lullaby:
 - "Sleep! O sleep, dear baby! Sleep and live and grow; But the years before thee.

No one now can know.

- Of the coming winters
 That will cool thy brow.
- No one knows the number Or can count them now.
- "Sleep! O sleep, dear baby!

 No one knows the life

 Of a newborn child

 In this world of strife.

MARY THARPE.

May thy days be cheerful; May thy time be long, Full of joy and pleasure, Full of love and song.

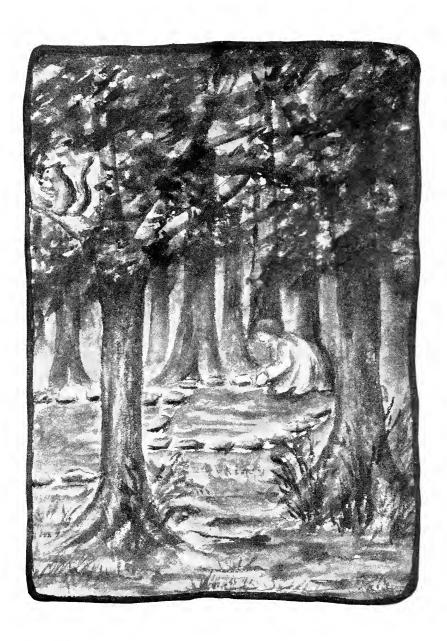
"Then sleep on, dear baby!
Thy life may be well.
Or of deepest sorrow;
No one can foretell:
No one knows the future:
No one can foresee
Things which are awaiting
And in store for thee.

"Sleep! O sleep, dear baby!
Many highly born
Take a lowly station
Humble and forlorn.
Others born down lowly
Without wealth or name.
Leave their lives on pages
Of immortal fame.

"Sleep! Then sleep, dear baby!
Luckless born or blest,
Nature will receive and
Fold thee to her breast.

Round thy life most precious, Storms may gather wild; But the God of Nature Will watch o'er his child."

- Round about, a savage forest with its shadows dark and lone.
- Stretched away in boundless distance to the far and wild unknown;
- There the tall tree wall around them let the midday sunshine through
- To a clearing near the cabin where some corn and pumpkins grew;
- And the father's ax resounded over Twin Creek's gurgling rills.
- He returned unto his baby when he heard the whippoorwills.
- When he came home every evening he would rock or hold her then.
- He would feel his burdens lighten when he saw her face again.
- She grew fair and strong and healthy as she played around the door.
- She would meet her father coming when his long day's work was o'er;



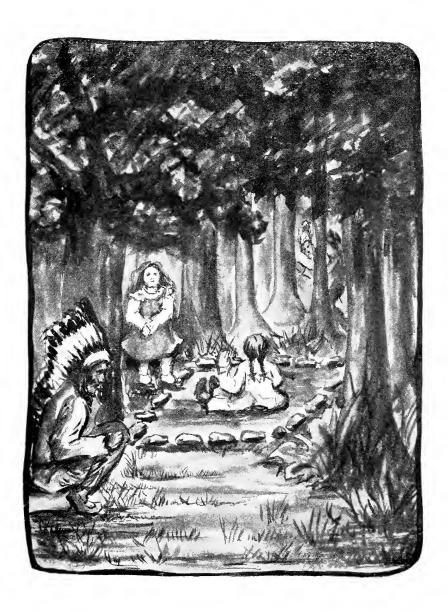
MARY THARPE.

- And her eyes were blue as flax flowers blowing in the sunny field;
- And her clothing was of linen which her mother spun and reeled;
- And her dolly was a pumpkin that she loved and dressed and fed.
- She would hear its prayers each evening; then would kiss it in its bed.
- Round her playhouse in the wild-wood flowers grew with colors rare;
- Up above her lived a squirrel that would coax and mock her there;
- And she could not catch the squirrel; it was wise and cute and sharp;
- But she said, "What is your name, sir? Mine, you know, is Mary Tharpe."
- In the cold lone nights of winter she would play before the fire.
- Although she was ever busy, yet, she seemed to never tire.
- When the long late hours grew weary, and her evening prayer was said,
- Then the mother tucked her daughter in the little trundle bed.

- One night when her mother kissed her, having put her in her bed.
- She said, "What's an Indian, mother?" and her mother laughed and said.
- "It is very strange, my baby, that you ask a thing like that.
- But an Indian is a savage with great feathers in his hat."
- She was four years old in August; and when early autumn flowers
- Had displayed their countless colors up above their leafy bowers,
- She then played within the wild-wood as she did the year before:
- There her mether watched her swinging on a grape vine near the door,
- And the sun again was shining down among the tasseled corn:
- And the forest leaves were singing as they sang when she was born:
- And the pumpkin vines were running in the stumpy clearing lot—
- Then the mother called her daughter, and she called and heard her not:

- And their neighbor's child was missing. They then hunted all the day,
- In a hope to find the children that so strangely passed away;
- And they stood on logs at night time; and they called for Mary there;
- But their answer was a wolf cry with the owl's hoot everywhere.
- There are two streams like twin sisters; side by side they live and play;
- Then they join to greet Miami, ever singing on their way.
- Of the mystery so hidden, it was they that knew it all;
- And they gave a mumbling answer to the hunter's anxious call.
- All the waters have their stories, and they keep them long and well;
- They have treasured them for ages; as a rule, they never tell;
- But along the edge of Twin Creek, underneath a willow shade,
- Lay a foot print by the water that a moccasin had made.

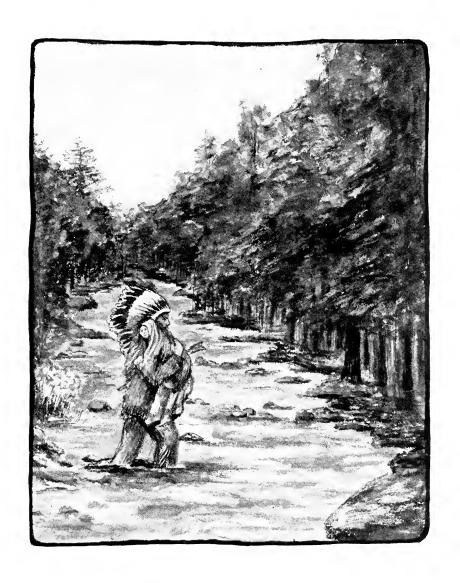
- Every year the sun shines brightly down among the tasseled corn,
- Where the pumpkin vines are running with new dolly babies born;
- But the dollies have no mother. In a playhouse weeds grow wild;
- And a highchair still stands empty, and a father has no child.
- Almost in the very door-yard, while the children were at play,
- There three Indians had found them and had carried both away;
- Then they parted from each other that the trail could not be known.
- Mary Tharpe was carried onward by a savage all alone.
- Over logs and through the bushes where the briers were growing wild,
- With his steps still gliding onward, sped the Indian with the child.
- Birds peered down among the branches, and they sang and watched them there,
- And they wondered why a savage could be with a child so fair;





- And the squirrels would bark above them from the tree tops tall and wild,
- And they wondered at the contrast of the savage and the child.
- Vines hung down from limbs above them, and the forest grew more lone,
- As he still kept going onward toward a lost and grim unknown.
- In his cap were many feathers, and they streamed down o'er his back.
- He would wind around through water so no hounds could follow track.
- Still the child was carried onward. Twilight shades fell dark and deep.
- From her mouth a gag was taken, and she sobbed herself to sleep.
- Though the night grew dark and darker, yet the savage kept his way;
- And his journey was as rapid in the night time as the day.
- He had no need of a compass; all the points he told with ease,
- By the mosses ever clinging to the north side of the trees.

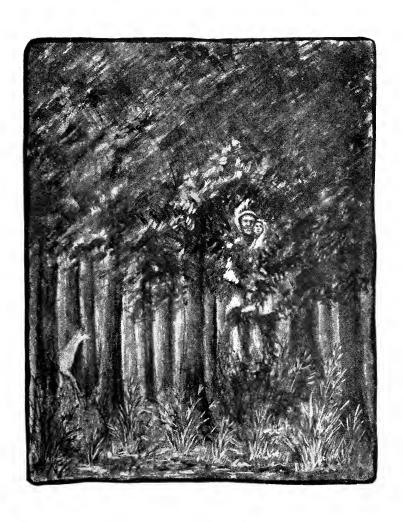
- Through the openings over rivers he could see the milky way,
- Or the path his soul will travel when it leaves its shell of clay.
- Mary heard a noise of slushing, and she thought that she was home;
- She again beheld her mother scrubbing out the cabin room;
- But awoke within the night time, and then found it all a dream;
- For the noise was but the Indian wading through a western stream.
- Swiftly round him rushed the current as he scooped his hand therein,
- Dipping water as she drank it. She then dropped to sleep again;
- And her sleep was calm and peaceful; then again at morning dawn,
- She was with the Indian savage; and they still were moving on;
- And they neither stopped nor rested; but kept ever on their way;
- And the morn was bright and cheerful as it ushered in the day.





- At the dawn of early morning, they could hear the forest ring;
- For there is no place too lonely for the birds to play and sing.
- She would cry and call for mother; then would brighten up again,
- And would watch the birds and squirrels and the tireless Indian;
- But her frightfulness did lessen toward the savage on the way;
- In a wilderness so tangled even he seemed company.
- Deer and turkeys passed before them, and her journey seemed a dream;
- Wild and weird were many wonders that she ne'er before had seen.
- Hanging limbs would brush their faces as they traveled on their way,
- And they were beside a river toward the ending of the day.
- There the savage sat and pondered o'er his journey on before.
- With his gun and child and hatchet, also other things he bore;

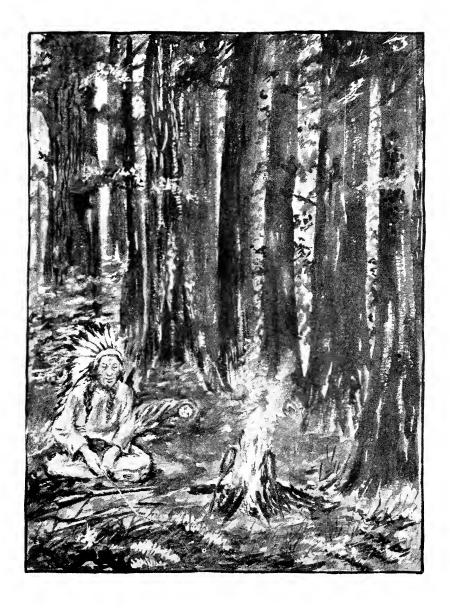
- And he thought his load was heavy, and he wondered if 'twere best
- That he add another treasure to his scalp string in the west;
- Then the child seemed most confiding, and she said, "Why do you roam?
- I can hear my mother calling. I would like to go back home."
- He knew not a word she uttered, but he knew her heart and mind,
- And he thought of a sad mother weeping lonely far behind.
- He had fought in many battles. He was savage, cruel, and wild;
- But his hard rough heart felt tender toward that lone and helpless child.
- He remembered that some sugar in his food-pouch had been placed;
- Then he emptied out the remnant, and he gave the child a taste.
- There he lingered on his journey, and he soon obtained a fawn;
- He then started fire by friction, and he roasted it thereon;





- And they feasted there together till their hunger was no more,
- And they drank the river water, and she slept upon the shore.
- He then wrapped her in his blanket; like a father there was he,
- And he dropped asleep while sitting with his back against a tree.
- He was known as Logahoddin, and his bravery held a place
- With the bravest and the stoutest of that stout and hardy race.
- Down at Blue Lick, in Kentucky, he had fought in victory there.
- He had reckoned well with Harmer. He had helped to crush St. Clair.
- He had fought at Fallen Timbers with his people in retreat;
- And he had a vast experience both in victory and defeat.
- From the Great Lakes to Kentucky, that man's battle-ground was wide;
- And it touched the Mississippi flowing with its mighty tide;

- And the scratches that a panther left upon him, still were plain:
- And a bite made there by bruin; many wolf marks, too, were seen.
- There were scars all o'er his body; there were many on his face.
- And they showed where many conflicts left the imprints of their trace.
- He knew all the streams and country, fought and hunted all his life.
- None knew better how to handle gun or tomahawk and knife.
- All the night the wolves were quarreling over remnants of the deer:
- But that man of many battles felt no peril, knew no fear.
- One hand holding to the baby and the other to the knife.
- Woe to wolf or bear or panther that should try to take her life.
- He awoke within the morning at the light of early dawn.
- He then picked up gun and prisoner, and again he journeyed on:





- And she thought they were returning as they traveled onward then;
- And she watched to see the clearing of her father's home again.
- Still his footsteps led him onward as they did the day before;
- And again they camped at night time, and they journeved on once more.
- Then the Indian's step was quicker, and his burdens all seemed light,
- As the trees let in the sunshine; and a river came in sight;
- And the Indian shouted, "Wabash! Lovely river of the west!
- Hail, O hail unto the Wabash—glorious stream of peace and rest!"
- He then traveled to a village o'er a trail worn plain and bare.
- And he went into his wigwam, and Hoanda met him there.
- Lone and patient lived Hoanda, Logahoddin's dusky wife,
- Always trusting his returning, happy in domestic life.

- Not a word he said unto her as he handed her the child;
- But she said, "Where did you get her?" as she gazed on her and smiled.
- "She is from Miami Valley, and a gift to you," he said,
- "May she have the toys and clothing of our daughter who is dead."
- "I am thankful for the present. I will name the babe this day,
- After our own child, Onata, who last winter passed away."
- "She can help you at your labor; she can cheer away your grief;
- She can make your lone life happy, as Onata"—meaning leaf.
- Very curious the people, everybody in the place, Came to see Hoanda's present of the white and hated race.
- Had he trapped and brought a beaver or a young bear home with him,
- Or a live deer tied with tethers, they would not have noticed them.

- Said an old gray man of battles, "She looks not like they could fight."
- Then a squaw said, looking at her, "What can make her skin so white?"
- She soon played around the wigwam as she used to play at home;
- Still she loved the tangled forest, where the wild flowers ever bloom;
- And she soon could speak their language with a graceful air of ease;
- And she loved her Indian mother, and she always tried to please.
- She would help make clothes in winter, when the days were cold and drear;
- And they used a bone-made needle from the ankle of a deer.
- When they heard the springtime music of the robin, thrush, and lark,
- They would catch the sap for sugar in their vessels made of bark.
- They raised corn and beans and squashes, gathered wild nuts from the wood;
- And they stored them in the autumn, that they might have winter food;



And her mother told her stories; there were many on her tongue;

She told her about a river where she lived when she was young;

That "the tribes are still Miami, though we see the stream no more;

In its waters now are pictures of pale faces on the shore.

- "When a child I loved its waters. I was born upon the bank.
- I have played within the shadows of its lindens tall and rank.
- "Long ago we left Miami to the White Man and Shawnee.
- Now our tribes are on this river, on the Eel, and the Maumee.
- "Since we left that lovely valley we have not been back again;
- I now love the graceful Wabash as I loved that river then."
- Mary soon became an Indian in her acts and tastes and ways,
- And her thoughts and memory drifted from her home of early days;
- But her eyes were blue as ever, and her cheeks were rosy fair,
- And the wind was always playing with her soft and light brown hair.
- She wore clothes made out of deer skins, nicely worked in beads and flowers.
- She had helped her mother make them in the long cold winter hours;

- And her moccasins were lovely, of a soft and velvet gray;
- They were made from smoothest buckskin in the most elaborate way.
- She had furs of mink and beaver, which were downy, soft and rare;
- And her bed was of the brown leaves and of robes of fox and bear:
- And her food was of the wild deer, maple sugar, and corn bread.
- And the fishes from the Wabash, with wild nuts the forest shed:
- And her playmates Indian children; she to them was kind and good;
- And her bath tub was the Wabash: her gymnasium the wood;
- And she never looked in school books; never studied twos and threes,
- Neither did she sit in prison pounding on piano keys.
- In the west she had her pleasures, for she loved the tangled wild.
- She was dear to all who knew her, and she was a graceful child.

- She would pluck and gather flowers that the Spirit planted there.
- No one said to her, "I own them," and no one did seem to care.
- Nature's gifts were free and equal; and no boundaries were laid out
- Through the land within the village, or the forest round about.
- There a rent man never bothered; no one ever heard of him;
- For no one did own the acres, save He who created them.
- Logahoddin in his wigwam was not very often found;
- He was ever on the warpath, or upon the hunting ground.
- Up above his rustic bedstead, she had noticed something swing;
- And it hung within the corner, dangling there upon a string.
- As she watched the campfire burning on a cold, lone winter night.
- She said, "What can that be, mother, that is swinging in the light?"

- "Oh! that is a string of honor, and it makes your father great;
- Had there been no scalps upon it, I would not have been his mate.
- "Oh! it tells of daring battles, and it tells of deeds of fame,
- And it gives unto your father a renowned and glorious name.
- "Should you find the wigwam burning, let it perish in the flame
- Until you have rescued from it that great emblem of his fame.
- "He could have been made a chieftain, at the time that Turtle died,
- But he cared not for the honor, yet his fame is far and wide.
- "Every scalp there has a history, making known his valor bold,
- And they tell of awful battles that would make your blood run cold;
- "And your father as a hunter is the bravest of his clan:
- For he carries home more bear skins than does any other man."





- Mary fondly loved the Wabash with a love forever true;
- She soon learned to swim its waters and to row the bark canoe.
- Never were canoes more lovely, with such lightness, form and grace,
- As were made by Logahoddin of that crafty, artful race.
- Thus, he took a barken peeling that was long and very wide,
- Which was either elm or birchen; then he smoothed the outer side;
- And he trimmed it, and he shaped it to its splint and ribby frame;
- And he sewed it then securely to the top rim of the same;
- And the prow and stern he splinted; then he sewed them both with care.
- It would glide upon the water like a wild swan swimming there.
- Mary knew the mighty Turtle, who had argued till he died.
- That the Indian's true interest was not with the British side.

- She had seen the great Tecumseh come and lead the warriors forth;
- And she wept o'er his disaster in the battle of the north.
- She would shout and cheer the soldiers when they danced the dance of war.
- She helped fix their food for journeys when they traveled long and far;
- And she loved the festive dances with their gay, tumultuous ways.
- She would dance unto the Spirit on the great thanksgiving days.
- When she had become a woman she was graceful, tall, and fair;
- And was still within the keeping of her Indian mother's care.
- Mary's suitor was a chieftain, and he was a handsome man;
- He was known among Miamis as a leader of his clan;
- So her foster mother gave her to the chieftain as his wife.
- He was also known as Dixon, and he led a gallant life.





- Bidding farewell to her mother, she then left her home one day;
- And she went away with Dixon to the Mississinowa;
- There for him she did her beadwork as she had been early taught,
- And his moccasins and mittens were most exquisitely wrought.
- From her wigwam by the river she would watch the waters play;
- And she loved the giant poplars of the Mississinova.
- Years and seasons did not linger, for no time can ever stay,
- And her age was making wrinkles, and her hair was turning gray.
- Still she loved the wild deep forest, with a love that does not die.
- Unto her the charms of nature lessened not as years went by;
- But the onward march of empire ceased not, neither did it rest;
- And the hunting ground grew smaller as the white man settled west.

- When the Indian wars were over, with their carnage fierce and wild.
- From a white man on the border Tharpe got word about his child;
- And one day in bleak December came a white man old and gray;
- An interpreter was with him, to tell what he had to say:
- And he said, "When but a baby you were lost within the wild.
- You were born back in Ohio. I at last have found my child.
- "I am from Miami Valley; and I live where Twin Creeks play;
- I at one time had a baby that most strangely went away;
- "And we lay awake at night time when the wolves howled lone and wild:
- And we wondered if it could be that they killed our darling child;
- "And we saw some Indian footprints; then we wondered if it were
- That some Indians had found her and had gone away with her.

- "We have missed our baby daughter; all these years we have not known
- Whether you were dead or living, or could trace where you had gone.
- "I have come now to invite you, and to ask you to come home;
- And your mother's heart will gladden, if you will consent to come."
- "I can never leave a wigwam for a house's pentup room.
- I can never leave this forest and go east and feel at home.
- "I can never leave the people I have ever loved and known;
- For their language is my language; their religion is my own;
- "And I love the festive dances, so if you will please forgive,
- I would rather stay here with them than to go back there and live.
- "Should I go to see my mother, Why! my English is so poor,
- I could be no comfort to her; for I could not talk to her.

- "I am now too old for changes, I am here a chieftain's wife.
- I remember only faintly of my early childhood life.
- "Tell her that my Indian mother was as kind as kind could be.
- Tell her that my Indian father always has been good to me.
- "Tell her that at festive dances I will there remember her,
- And will dance and chant thanksgiving for the blessings unto her.
- "Tell her all of this in English so that she will understand.
- Tell her that I hope to meet her over in the Spirit Land;"
- And she used her father kindly, but she said she would not come;
- Though he argued and entreated, still, he could not bring her home.
- Every life must have some sorrow; and when she was growing old,
- Dixon drank of the firewater, that the greedy traders sold.





MARY THARPE.

- Mary Tharpe is gone forever, and her voice is heard no more;
- For she perished in the river and was buried on the shore.
- There they buried shawls and trinkets that she made with her own hand,
- With the best of food to live on till she reached the Spirit Land;
- And above her lowly pillow they then built a fire at night,
- In a hope to aid her spirit while it took its long, lone flight.
- Then around her lonely grave they danced the sad dance for the dead;
- And the wild birds still are singing farewell songs above her bed.
- Her religion and her mother's, after all, were much the same;
- One would dance to the Great Being, while the other praised his name.
- One looked for a lovely mansion in a city clothed with light,
- Streets of gold, and walls of jasper, and for gates of pearly white.

- One hoped for a wide, deep forest, with its great trees large and tall,
- That abounds with mighty rivers and with lakes and waterfall,
- And that has within its verdure many wild flowers growing there,
- Breathing unto her their fragrance, blending with their colors rare;
- There to live within a wigwam and attend the festals, too,
- And to hear again the wild birds and to row the bark canoe.
- They may meet and know each other, and enjoy the perfect peace
- Of a life that has no ending, where all wars and sorrows cease;
- And one there may have her city, one her forest vast and tall;
- For the world of the hereafter will be great enough for all.

THE GLADDEST DAY.

- The gladdest day of all the year, to which my memories cling,
- Was when we tapped the sugar trees, the first bright day in spring.
- All winter long, the flinty ice had covered creek and rill.
- All winter long, the cold north wind had fanned with bitter chill:
- And whistled with its blizzards through the tree tops tall and bleak,
- And blown around the farm house with a frenzied freezing shriek.
- All winter long, the drifting snow that fell from day to day,
- Was buried by another snow before it went away:
- One morn before the sun came up we heard a robin sing;
- He sang the first great harmony to greet the coming spring;
- The wind had shifted from the north; a southern breeze was felt,
- And where the dawning sunshine fell the snow began to melt.

- The sun was warm and welcome as it ushered in the day;
- It lifted the cold blanket that had hidden earth away.
- The barn-yard fowls took up the strain of merriment and mirth,
- The turkey gobbler strutting round as though he owned the earth.
- That morn we saw the oriole and heard the cathird sing.
- All nature seemed to greet with joy the first bright day of spring.
- The redbird showed his colors to the northern woods again.
- The ground squirrel sat and chatted o'er his hibernating den;
- We heard the native sparrow in the tree tops overhead.
- We rinsed the earthen vessels; then we hauled them on a sled;
- And when we tapped the sugar trees, the nectar flowed like wine,
- And sparkled as it trickled in the warm and bright sunshine.

THE GLADDEST DAY.

- We gathered in the harvest, and we boiled the treasure down,
- Which at first was fair and clear, but it soon had turned to brown,
- And then to radiant yellow; we could see rich jewels gleam
- Within a pot of boiling gold beneath obscuring steam.
- The steam arose and wound and turned on wing and soared away;
- And streaming through the furnace door we watched the bright light play.
- Lunch was roasted through the grate, and hearts beat warm and light.
- Outdoor games were played around the sugar camp at night.
- The Red Man of the wilderness, who now has passed away,
- Held his festive dances here to celebrate this day.
- The bees may flit from flower to flower and garner in their sweets;
- The western sun may shine upon a land of sugar beets:

- And cane grows sweet in Dixie land and in Hawaiian breeze;
- But we have here a treasure much more precious than all these:
- It drops from off the spiles in spring as soft as morning dew,
- And comes upon the gladdest day that nature ever knew.



THE NAMES AT LUDLOW FALLS.

Ludlow waters are singing away,
And leaping and dashing and throwing their spray.
On the rocks above they hurriedly creep
And dance with the music and take their leap
Over the limestone rock and slate,
Into a pool where they loiter and wait
To rest on their journey, then onward go
In a hurry away to the river below.

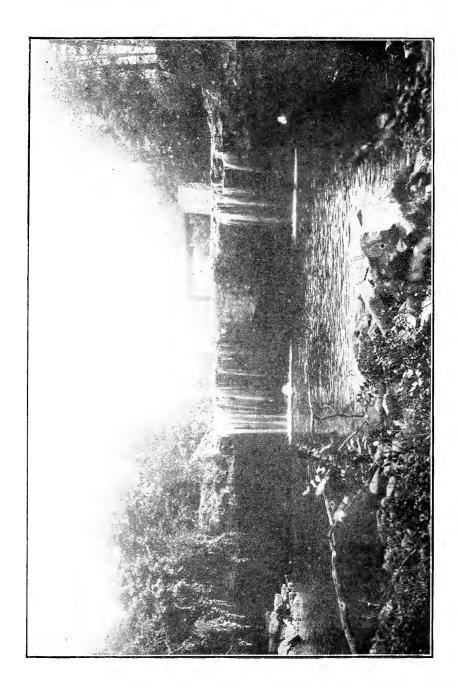
The woodbines love to hang and swing Down from the rocks where the mosses cling, Near where the waters dash and sing And fold and turn in a whirlpool ring; And along in the gorge below the falls, The vines climb up the dark stone walls; And lindens and sycamores make a home Wherever the rocks will give them room.

THE NAMES AT LUDLOW FALLS.

The cataract looks like a sheet of white, Seen far away in the bright sunlight, Sparkling and flashing and streaming away Down from a wall that is old and gray, Always at work, and its work is play, Slowly chiselling the rock away; Always descending and coming back never, Cutting a pathway down to the river.

The Indian hunters, in days gone by,
Have stood on the rocks where the mosses lie,
And watched the cataract turning away
And singing the song it is singing to-day,
Have heard the same music and seen the splash,
And watched the waters leap and dash.
Countless years have come and gone,
And Ludlow's waterfall still sings on.

When I stand on the cliff where the woodbines cling, And hear the cataract turn and sing, And gaze down into the pool below. And watch the waters come and go, It cheers my soul, and I rejoice; For the music of nature is God's own voice. Let great Niagara pour and foam, But the sweetest waters are close at home.



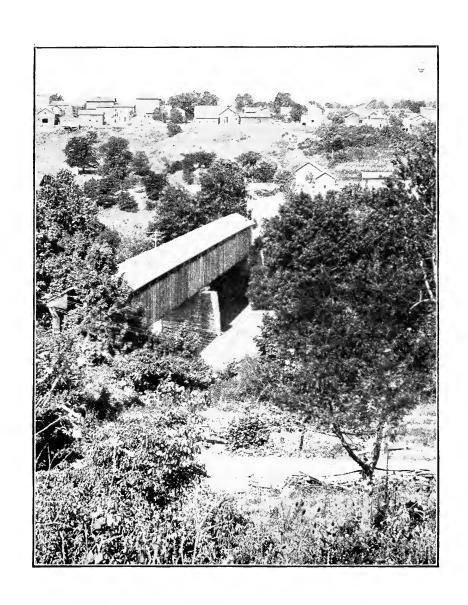
Above the cliff is the picnic ground,
Where cedars are green the whole year round,
With lawns asloping to the wall
That rises above the waterfall:
Here countless thousands come and go;
Some cut their names on the rocks below,
But time and change and frost and spray,
Are slowly erasing their names away:

Nothing that's here is here to stay; Even the rocks must pass away. All that is written on page or stone, Will be erased as time glides on. Our names may be, in the great unknown, Inscribed on a cliff more firm than stone, Where time or change or cataract's spray, May erase them never away.



A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

- Last night I had a lovely dream: I dreamed I stood alone
- Beside my native river, on a fair sweet day in June.
- Beneath a dear old sycamore where years ago I played,
- I watched the moving water, and I felt the cooling shade.
- The cares of life were lifted, and I was a child once more.
- The wavelets kissed my ankles as they did in days of vore.
- The rocks were all familiar there, in their accustomed place,
- And in the water's mirror I could see my childish face.
- I saw the same old wooden bridge that stood so many years.
- Again I heard the water as it whispered to the piers.





A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

- I saw the devil's-darningneedle o'er the rushy brim.
- I saw the wild flowers dip the tide, and watched the swallows skim.
- My joys were those of years gone by; and in my fond delight,
- I thought not of the morrow or of time's unceasing flight.
- I awoke within the tumult of the city's noisy din,
- And I heard the ceaseless grinding of the busy streets again;
- And my shadow in the mirror of the water passed away,
- And manhood's ceaseless burdens then again upon me lay.



THE DEPARTED.

In memory still our childhood lives: the brooks, the flowing river,

The fields our fathers cleared, and trees, The voice of birds, the hum of bees,

Remain with us forever.

We'll ne'er forget the sunbeams gleaming through the sycamore;

The quiet river winding down
Past mill and bridge and grove and town,
We treasure as of yore.

We ever will remember how we watched its waters play;

We saw them glide and sweep along; They sang for us their glad, glad song, As they went on their way.

The things we loved in childhood's days we never will forget;

But dearer far of all of yore,

Were loved ones that we see no more;

Our hearts cling to them yet.

THE DEPARTED.

We hear them not; we see them not,—look now where e'er we will.

We loved the songs they used to sing, And with those songs fond memories cling That bind us to them still.

Time and years do not destroy fond love's immortal ties;

We think of them in midnight hours, In dreams as sweet as fragrant flowers, With love that never dies.

The ceaseless stream on which they glide may touch some other shore;

None e'er return from whence they are gone;

Their lives and love may still live on,

Though seen by us no more.



EZRA DEY.

Have you ever heard of Ezra Dey? He was all right in every way, Except that his left leg, somehow, was rather Shorter, but slightly than the other.

Now, he had no faith in his own prayers; So he went to see a Mrs. Freyers, Who cured all things for every one, By simply praying till the work was done.

She claimed her treating had the strength To make both legs of equal length. "It may take quite a while," said she, "To cure your slight deformity." For a certain sum the woman agreed To treat him till he had no need Of walking stick or very thick sole, Upon one side to make him whole.

His faith in the woman grew stronger and stronger As he found his left leg growing longer; And ere six months had rolled around, Ezra Dey had really found Both legs of equal length and sound.

EZRA DEY.

"A handsome man," said many a lass,
And nodded and blushed as they saw him pass;
But at length he found there was something
wrong—

His left leg getting a little too long;
And he hurried away, as any man would,
To see the woman as soon as he could,
In order to get her to stop her prayer.
He called at her home, and she was not there.
He went to the burg where they said she had gone,
And there he learned she had still moved on.

He could not find where the woman had gone, So his second deformity still grew on; And still the woman prayed away, With his leg getting longer every day.

He used a stilt on the other side, And he walked so tall that it humbled his pride. His plight grew worse and worse and worse— And the woman not there to stop the curse.

Longer and longer grew his limb,
And still the woman treated him:
It lengthened away at such a rate
That a doctor wanted to amputate.
He searched, inquired, and went the rounds
Of many Miami Valley towns;

Then advertised and found Mrs. Freyers;
And told her he needed no longer her prayers;
And like a good patient he paid up his bill;
And then was released from her wonderful skill.
His long leg and stilt he will try to endure,
Rather than risk any more of her cure.
He prays for himself now, and prays with care;
And as soon as he's answered he stops his prayer.

Ezra Dey is an excellent man; If you get to heaven he surely can: There all deformities pass away In that great world of blissful day.



THE BEGINNING OF DAYTON.

The Great Miami shone and flashed Beneath a golden sun; The stormy winter was no more, And springtime had begun.

Pushed on by Thompson's sturdy arms,
The pirogue wound its way.
The river sang to him its song
Just as it sings to-day.

Eleven souls there were on board; And with their household goods, They came to cast their fortune in The wild and northern woods.

They stemmed the current every day,
And when the evening came,
They tied the pirogue to a tree
And camped beside the stream.

They caught the tame, unwary fish
Beneath the moving tide;
They killed the deer that grazed unscared
Upon the riverside.

And roasted them before a flame Which fed on brush and brier; They wound their bread around a reed, And baked it by the fire.

At night the wolves howled round their camp; They saw the deer stalk by; The owls never ceased to hoot; They heard the panther's cry.

At morn they loosed again their boat
Beneath a gander's scream.
The green frogs sang their notes of bass
And jumped into the stream.

The ducks flew up before the boat,
All dripping with the tide.
The killdeers waded in the sand
Along the riverside.

The reptiles and each bird and beast Along Miami's shore, Watched a strange phenomenon They knew not of before.

In the sunshine on lagoons
The turtles were afloat,
And bass jumped up from in the stream
And fell into the boat.



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THE BEGINNING OF DAYTON.

Again they turned their boat to shore,
Amid a tangled wild;
The swelling buds were nodding
To a south wind soft and mild.

The vines hung down from leaning trees
And trailed amid the tide.
A Shawnee watched the party land
From on the other side.

The place was where three rivers joined:
The morning bright and fair.
The forest soon awakened with
Their axes ringing there.

The din of industry had come,
And trees began to fall,
To start a house upon the shore,
And large enough for all.

With clapboards placed and doors unhung,
And puncheon floor not done,
They moved their families into it;
And Dayton was begun.

And overhead, the giant trees

Began their leafy green,

Through which the sunshine now and then

Would kiss the roof between.

Fond warblers sang on every hand Their songs of welcome there, And up and down the river bank An Indian trail lay bare.

They heard Mad River greet Miami, With its song of charms;
They saw it coming like a child Unto its mother's arms.

They saw Stillwater winding on
Its way in perfect peace,
And heard its mumbling waters talk
In tones that never cease.

They saw where it surrenders all
Unto Miami's tide,
Which welcomes home her own true love
To never more divide.

They saw Wolf Creek, the tiny stream;
They heard its murmuring cry;
And heard Miami singing it
A low sweet hullaby.

And may Thompson and McClure And Van Cleve still live on In memory for their journey In an age which now is gone;

THE BEGINNING OF DAYTON.

And may Miami not forget
The days of long ago;
And may her waters never cease
Upon their endless flow.

The shores are changed; that life is gone Which nature loved and gave,
And in its place the factories groan
And corn and wheat fields wave;

But still its waters shine and flash And pause and rest and flow. It sings the same glad song it sang To Thompson long ago.



TO THE MIAMI.

Flow on! Flow on, sweet River!
Flow on in endless course!
A thousand fountains gushing
And trickling from their source!
A thousand rills are winding;
They sparkle, bubble and gleam;
Then hand in hand united
They march as one great stream.

Flow on! Flow on, sweet River!

Thy waters soon are gone;
But then they live forever

And glide forever on.

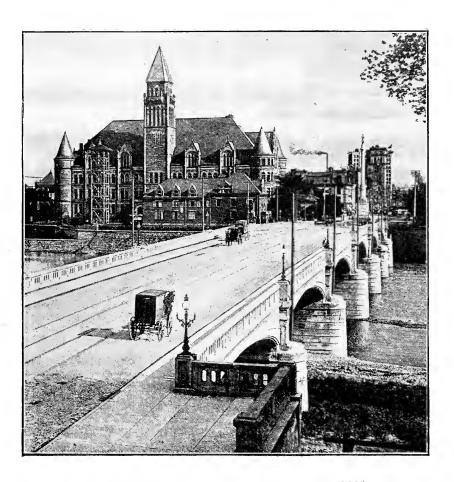
The warm sun shines above thee.

The bright stars twinkle there.

The flowers that know thee, love thee,

And breathe thy balmy air.

Flow on! Flow on, sweet River!
With waters soft and fair!
Fair as the sky above thee!
And soft as the morning air!
They sing a low contralto,
And whisper words of love,
To the rocks that know the music
And vines that smile above.



THE MIAMI AS IT IS NOW AT DAYTON

Flow on! Flow on, sweet River!

Never in pain or strife!

Teach to me the secret

Of thy long and peaceful life:

The ages glide like moments;

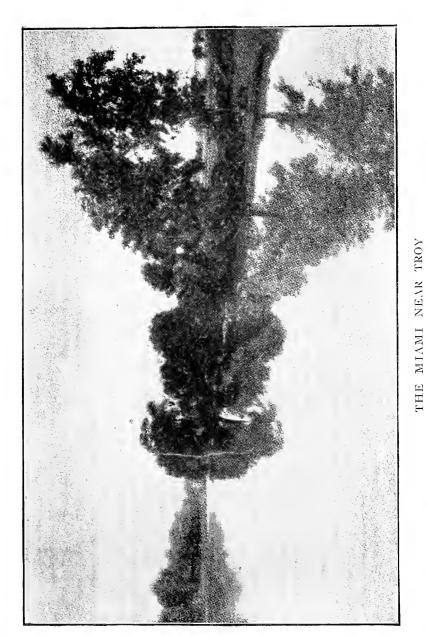
The centuries pass away,

And like a child thy waters

Still laugh and sing and play!

Flow on! Flow on, fair River!
Flow on forever more!
The unborn generations
Will tread thy grassy shore;
Each will have his sorrow
That no one else will know,
And feel his heart grow lighter
To see thy waters flow.







Miscellaneous

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VOICES GONE.

A robin sang in an apple tree;
His humble home was small,
But his voice was sweet and his song was free,
And he warbled away his melody
From springtime until fall.

The flowers that bloomed in summertime

Had passed away from sight,

But he stayed and lingered and sang his song

Till the winds blew chill and the nights grew long,

And then he took his flight:

He flew away to the sunny south
And left his dear old home,
There to rejoice again and swing,
And warble away in the breath of spring,
Where orange blossoms bloom.

As robin mocked and swung away
And warbled in the breeze,
A sweet soul sang glad songs each day;
She sang of a land far, far away,
And touched the ivory keys.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Her cheeks were as the pale pink roses
Blooming round the door.
Her brow was fair as the lilies knew;
Her voice was sweet and her life was true;
We hear that voice no more.

The birds will come again and sing
When stormy days are o'er;
But she who sang while the robin sang,
And took her flight while his music rang,
Will come back nevermore.

She may sing on in some fair land
Her glad, glad songs again;
For He who gave her life and breath
And loved and kept her until death,
Could not forsake her then.

A PALE ROSE.

A pale rose lived and breathed and grew,
And blessed with love all that it knew.
It knew no hate, no sin, no pain.
God gave it breath and sun and rain.
It was so sweet. It looked so fair.
It nodded and danced in God's free air.
It swung and danced and nodded and smiled,
And blessed the world as God's own child.

It swung and danced in bowers of green.
'Twas fed and clothed by a hand unseen.
It glowed in splendor and drank the dew,
And dropped asleep when the fall winds blew.
Where the pale rose bloomed, no rose is found,
And the vines sleep low in a snowdrift mound,
And the nights are long, and the fierce winds blow,
And the sun shines cold on a world of snow.

The rose will bloom again and swing 'Neath a fairer sky, in the breath of spring; And He, whose hand is everywhere, Who has the flowers in His care, Awakes them with the breath of spring That they may bloom again and swing, Will give me back again some day My springtime life that's passed away.



THE THRUSH AND THE KATYDID.

- A thrush sang near a window, and he sang the summer long.
- His notes were shrill but gentle, and he warbled with his song.
- His voice was sweet as honey and as clear as ever was known,
- And no other bird could warble forth a more melodious tone.
- He sang of the flowers in the garden, and he sang of the fields of rye.
- He sang of his home in the willow tree. He sang of the lawn and sky.
- He sang of a bright and sunny land where he would go some day,
- Across the wide deep water and the mountains far away.
- With salt sea breezes blowing over mountain and o'er hill,
- With days as fair as fair blue flowers, and nights that are always still.

- They never chill in winter, for they have no winter there,
- And flowers bloom forever with their fragrance fresh and rare.
- He sang his solos o'er one day; the sweet bird rested then.
- And listened to a katydid play on his violin.
- They then became familiar, and each morn at break of day,
- The bird would sing his solos while the katy played away:
- The katy played, "O foolish bird! Why do you sing so strange?
- Why sing of things so far away beyond your natural range?
- There is no home but this for us, and if there were to be.
- You could not reach it on your flight for mountains, gulf and sea:
- "So I will eat and drink and dance, and with the summer o'er,
- Will drop to sleep in autumn to awaken never more.

THE THRUSH AND THE KATYDID

- I drink the nectar of the dew; I feast both night and day,
- And play upon my violin and dance my life away."
- The bird would not be pacified; but still he sang of home
- Beyond the sea and mountains, where the flowers forever bloom.
- He made great preparations, and he drilled for his long flight:
- He trained his pinions through the day and rested through the night.
- "I am waiting only waiting; and when I shall hear the call,
- Then I must leave you, katy dear, forever and for all;
- But I will have that Presence ever through the great unknown,
- That guides upon all journeys and that leads forever on.
- "Come, go with me, O katydid; you play and I will sing;
- And we will both be happy there amid eternal spring."

- "Life is short and dear to me; I have no time," he said,
- "To train and drill for such a flight that never can be made;
- Stay at home, O songster, and be happy while you may;
- There are no happy islands over yonder far away."
- One fair bright day in autumn time the katy played alone;
- There was no song to his music, for the dear sweet bird had flown.

ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

A wonderful mill is nature:
Eternal buhrs turn round:
Things we know and see to-day,
To-morrow, will be crushed to clay
And back to vapor ground.

A wonderful builder is nature;
It knows no droning shirk:
It builds from vapor and from clay:
It replaces the things of yesterday
And never ceases work.

There is language in all nature;
I hear it and rejoice:
As long as time and the seasons run,
It will speak of a great and Infinite One,
In a still and silent voice.

There is music in all nature,
And all things play their tune;
They have played away since God unfurled
The milky way, the sun, and world
Revolving with its moon.

All nature sings a chorus,

The one it has sung so long;
It sings of One who is divine;
It touches a chord in this soul of mine,

That vibrates with the song;

And nature glows with colors:

They blend in richness fair:
The rocks, the leaves, the flowers that blow,
And in the sky the bright rainbow
Reflects a wisdom there.

The great time piece of nature
Will cease its running never—
The orbits with their swinging spheres.
Keeping the time of endless years,
Were wound up once forever.

Shine on! O stars of heaven!

From your high and distant place!

Hanging safely in the care

Of One who placed and swings you there,

Throughout an endless space!

O great and wondrous nature!
But greater still is He
Who made matter, time and space,
And nature in its endless pace,
With long eternity.

ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

His ways cannot be known by us, Or by us understood, Yet with Him all our future lies, But then He is so great and wise That He can be but good.

With naught too vast or small to be
Beyond His power and might,
His love and care are over all:
The flower may fade, the sparrow fall,
But never from his sight.



THE THRUSH.

There is no voice like the voice of the thrush,
For no others sing like he.
There is no other music, no matter how sweet.
That equals his rich melody.

His voice is as sweet as honey to me,
And as clear as the azure above;
And his heart is as light as the soft winds that blow
While he warbles his gladness and love.

Do you love music? Just listen to him And hear his great harmony roll; His song gushes forth like a fountain of joy Too great to contain in his soul.

His voice is as free as the air that we breathe,
And as glad as a morning of spring.

My soul runs over in joy with the bird
When I hear his sweet melody ring.

THE THRUSH.

He throws his whole soul in the song that he sings. To hear him is but to rejoice;

His language is free and as blameless from sin As the God who hath given him voice.

He comes with the flowers that love him so well, And his glad song never grows old; He goes with the flowers when summer is past,

And the nights grow chilly and cold.

The choirs may sing, and the great bands play; But none make music as he.

There is no other music, no matter how sweet, That equals his rich melody.

The bird brings heaven right down to the earth, As he warbles and sings the day long;

O pity the one whose ear is so dull As to not be inspired by his song.

And after the winter so cold and so long.

When loved ones are gone with the flowers,
He comes proclaiming the dawning of spring,
To gladden the lone weary hours;

And what does he sing? and what does he say? You have heard him, and can you tell yet? He sings of the love and the greatness of One Who will never forsake nor forget;

And when I pass onward to never return, When the angels invite me along, May the last music I hear in this world Be the thrush a-singing his song.



THE SCROLL OF TIME.

O endless scroll of time unwind and glide away forever,

Bearing the sorrows of the human race Into the past with ceaseless pace, To where they come back never!

All pleasures, joy, and gladness, are also carried on; They cannot linger; they cannot stay; On the endless scroll they are carried away, And are forever gone.

It brings to-morrow with all things new, for yesterday is gone.

It brings the sick man his relief; It carries away his pain and grief, And glides forever on.

Even the convict in his cell, awaits a better day; For time unwinds him a bright to-morrow; His pain and aches and stain and sorrow Are carried forever away.

It brings a change to everything, the rocks, the trees, the brook;
It comes to the innocent child at play,
And stamps a change on him every day,
And gives him an older look.

O endless scroll of time unwind and glide, and cease thou never,
Out from eternities endless day,
Back to eternity stretching away,
Unwinding and gliding forever!

O time, thou endless scroll, unwind! Unwind the coming years!

May each succeeding morning dawn

Brighter and fairer than each one gone,

More free from pain and tears.

Each season is succeeded in its turn, and then is gone;
They cannot linger; they cannot stay;

On the endless scroll they are carried away, And pass forever on.

The flowers that bloomed but yesterday, to-morrow, will be gone;
But other flowers as sweet and fair
Will breathe their fragrance to the air
As the scroll of time glides on.

THE SCROLL OF TIME.

Unwind and glide and bear away our sorrows and our stain;

May they be removed at last, Farther and farther into the past, To never return again.

Time may bring still greater joys than those now past and gone;

And may we, like a child at play, Fear not, but trust each coming day As the endless scroll glides on.

The scroll of time will not reverse and bring back yesterday;

Twill never bring back what is gone, Although it glides forever on.

It only glides one way.

WHAT DOES HALLEY SAY?

O lone untiring pilgrim, So far away and high! And with a banner streaming Above the midnight sky!

A radiant flag of brightness Unfurled amid the stars, And shining in its splendor With brilliant crimson bars!

It hangs upon the comet
Like a woven veil of light,
And trails amid the heavens,
And lightens up the night.

A fabric fine and silken, Fairer than sunbeams know, Fairer than earthly flowers That beckon from below.

How few, of all who see you,
Will live to be here when
You spread your downy skylight
Above this world again!

O tell me, tell me, Halley, Why is it that you never Rest upon your journey, But travel on forever?

Upon an endless journey,
Why is it that you roam?
With other stars fixed gracefully,
Why do you have no home?

And you have always traveled E'er since there has been light, And have seen many wonders Upon your ceaseless flight,

With other worlds beneath you; And you so far have been, The journey took you over Three score years and ten.

O have you seen a city, In traveling on your way, One that lasts forever And has eternal day?

The gates are twelve in number;
The streets are paved with gold;
And ever for the righteous
The pearly gates unfold.

O have you heard the music And heard the angels sing, And seen the lights of the city, And have you seen the King?

O have you on your pathway,
Where foot of man ne'er trod,
Seen a Supreme Being
The human race call God?

You speak in awful silence, In answer to my prayer: Your folds so soft and silken Portray great riddles there

With many things unsolved
Upon that sheet of light;
They may be of that city,
Whose gates are pearly white;

But on your veil so lovely,
I read of an Infinite One—
The same great name imprinted
On all things under the sun.

And may I ever trust Him
Whose name is written there,
Confiding in His wisdom
And in His love and care.

WHAT DOES HALLEY SAY?

- O spread your banner, Halley, Above the starry skies! And may it tell forever That God is great and wise!
- O spread your banner, Halley, A token from above, An emblem of His greatness, His goodness, and His love!
- O spread your banner, Halley, Until we see and know The riddles of the heavens, And of the earth below!
- O spread your banner, Halley!
 O wave it all unfurled
 High above the heavens,
 And o'er a skeptic world!
- O spread your banner, Halley! You journey long and far, But keep the great flag floating, No matter where you are!



Songs of the West



THE LAND OF THE WESTERN PLAIN.

Away out west where prairie lands
Stretch out like a boundless ocean,
And the wild grass waves on a treeless world
In a breeze forever in motion,

Beneath a concave arch of blue, From morning until night, The blazing sun like a ball of fire, Sends down its golden light;

And when it comes up in the east, It comes up from the plain; And on a wild and desert waste It sinks to earth again;

And when the sun sinks on the plain The stars shed down their light Like jewels sparkling in the sky, All through the western night.

Away out west where prairie winds Blow o'er a boundless plain, And the wild flowers weave a carpet Of a blue and crimson stain, Like a prisoned child, I long to go; I long to be again Where prairie grasses wave and toss On the wild and western plain.

I love the western fields of grain
Tossing and nodding and swaying;
Like waves and spray and billows are they
Upon an ocean playing.

I love the land of the chaparral,
Where the jackrabbit knows no fear,
And the quail's voice and the pheasant's note
Is ever in the ear;

Where Indians and buffalo
Have roamed for countless years,
And where the sunflower smiles upon
The cacti with their spears;

Away out west where the wild coyote
And the gray wolf howl in vain,
To make the nights seem weary and lone
Far out on the western plain;

And the copperhead rattles in the grass, With a hope to frighten back, Any pursuers encroaching too near Upon his dangerous track.

THE LAND OF THE WESTERN PLAIN.

And there are the grim and tramping herds; Like marching armies they go, And the cowboy rides with magical skill, And whirls his long lasso.

I long for the wide horizon there
Unmarred by tree or hill,
Circling away where the sky comes down,
And a wind that never is still.

My heart still clings to that fairy land, And o'er and o'er again I see it still in memory's dreams— The land of the western plain.

THE CHINOOK WIND.

- I blow from fall till springtime, and I come from sunny seas;
- I fan the western mountains with a soft and gentle breeze.
- I ride the rolling waters; the Pacific is my home;
- And where I touch its shores, the flowers forever bloom.
- With sport of joy and happiness, I play on northern hills;
- I melt the snow upon them to a thousand gushing rills.
- The rains are warm I carry, and the people love the showers
- That patter on their roofs at night all through the long, dark hours.
- I swell the winding rivers, and they leap with joy and glee,
- And they sing upon their journeys from the mountains to the sea.

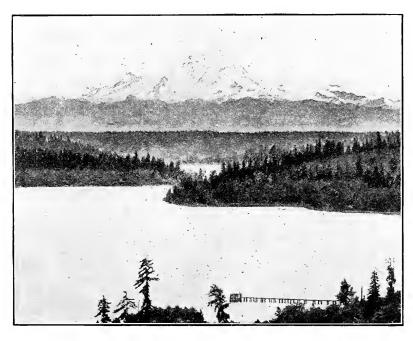
THE CHINOOK WIND.

The wild fowls greet my coming; for they love the soft sea breeze;

And where I touch the northern zone the waters never freeze.

The great ships love my coming; they await with sails unfurled,

And I rock them like a cradle, with the commerce of the world.

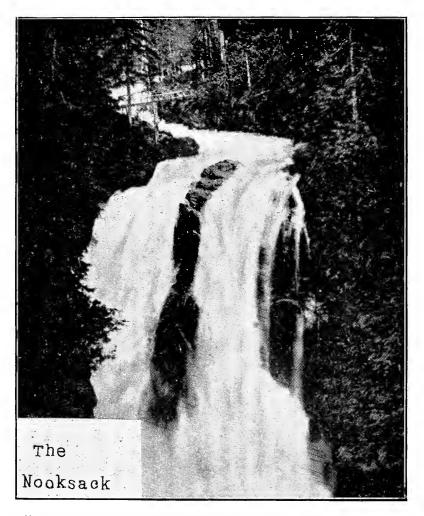


MOUNT RAINIER

See Page 130

SONGS OF THE WEST.

- They plow the briny waters, riding safely in my care;
- They soar upon their journeys like a bird upon the air.
- I love the western mountains, with affection yet untold;
- My breath is soft and balmy, and I kiss away the cold.
- Rainier awaits my coming north, and she is dear to me;
- She tells me all about time; I talk of the stormy sea;
- And if I cease in winter time, then she is lone and cold,
- And dons an extra blanket of a whiter, thicker fold.
- The firs await my coming with their majesty and grace;
- With outstretched arms they greet me, and they know my warm embrace.
- No snow storms in my presence, and no cyclones in my track,
- Every year I travel northward, but I never travel back.



"AND THEY SING UPON THEIR JOURNEYS FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA"

See Page 128 also 135



MOUNT BAKER.

With the floating clouds around her, Sits Mount Baker old and gray; You can see her o'er The Sisters, Looking down upon the bay.

She has treasures in her bosom; And her purse is ever full; And she wears a cloak around her That's as white as carded wool;

And 'tis set with icy jewels,
And they glisten in the light,
And the robe she wears at Christmas
Is of soft and downy white.

'Round her head is hoary winter;
On her brow the frost is seen,
While the Chinook Wind plays round her,
O'er a carpet ever green;

SONGS OF THE WEST.

And the wild drake cools his bosom, And the wild geese cleanse their down At the lakes and streams and fountains In the shadow of her crown;

And she beckons to the sailors
As they ride the briny blue,
And they hail her in the distance
When they see her come in view;

And the sunset lingers on her O'er the early shades of night, While the twilight darkens round her, And the sun has sunk from sight.

She was born by fire and earthquake, In the early days of yore; And her history is written On her metals and her ore.

It is written on the tables

That have fallen from her hand,
And geology can read it

In the riddles of the sand.

And beyond her gates of granite— Flinty gates that now unfold,— It is with her hidden treasure, In the vaults that hold her gold.

MOUNT BAKER.

They may take her golden treasure, Coal, and cedar, and her fir: They may take away her riches, But they cannot humble her:

She will still look down the Nooksack In the same majestic way, Like a guardian angel watching O'er the valley, shore, and bay.



THE SALMON.

Hatched in the inland waters
Where the currents laugh and play,
A few days only to linger,
And then they swim away.

They leave their home of childhood So glad and dear and free, And start upon their journey To the wide and deep blue sea;

They follow down the current, They do not wait nor stay, Upon their long, long journey That leads them far away.

The great and deep Pacific
That knows no sleep nor rest,
Receives the tiny minnows
And folds them to her breast.

Somewhere within her waters,
Nor mortal man doth know,
She loves and keeps and feeds them;
They live and play and grow.

THE SALMON.

Down in the deep blue ocean

For three long years they roam;
They then turn back to the rivers—

Back to their native home.

The pearls down in the water, O'er which they swim and play, Or the rainbow of the heaven, Is not arrayed like they.

The precious ores of Mexico, Or Klondyke far away, Do not produce a brilliancy More radiant than they;

But on their homeward journey,
The foes of their life are great,
And danger and death and peril,
Their coming home await:

The whales pursue, and blackfish;
And greedy sharks await
To slay them while returning,
Before they reach The Strait.

The traps around Point Roberts
And Hales Pass are strong;
The fishing boats are steaming
And busy all day long;

With barges rocking seaward, To bear the freight away; And seals are waiting hungry To feast upon their prey.

Courageous, stout and powerful, Upon their journey home, When in the great nets lifted They churn the brine to foam.

To the very mouths of the rivers, By foes they are pursued. Their throats are closed by nature, And they nevermore taste food.

With courage still undaunted They on and onward go, Ascending through the rapids Like an arrow from a bow.

On up the wide deep river,
Pursuing their watery track,
Going upon a journey
That nevermore turns back.

Down in the bed of the river
They make their homes and spawn;
They live there like a patriot,
And nevermore move on.

THE SALMON.

They chase the trout of the river That eat their eggs as food, With other foes there lurking That may devour their brood.

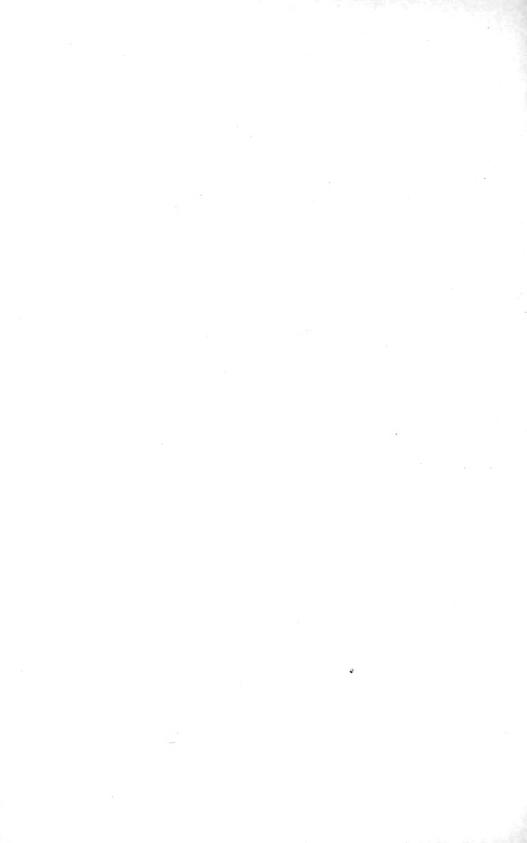
They guard their homes with vigilance.
Though weak and lean and thin.
Their radiant color has faded,
And next they lose a fin.

They stay at the post of duty
Until their life is gone;
They die on guard like a hero,
And the current bears them on.

And when my life has trials
And dangers that are great,
I think of the brave salmon,
Their perils and their fate;

And like those gallant fishes
That know no vanquished pride,
May I, too, stick to duty
Until I drift with the tide.















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